



THURSDAY, EVENING, DEC. 18.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

PER MONTH \$3.00
PER YEAR \$35.00

Vol. 32 No. 11,076

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 Broadway—between 110th and 112th Sts., New York.
BROOKLYN—359 Fulton St., HARTLEY—New Department, 150 East 125th St., Advertising Agents at 237 East 115th St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LORDS BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6th St., WASHINGTON—410 14th St., LONDON OFFICE—32 Cockspur St., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

TESTING FOR A MURDERER.

In the little room where Mrs. MAX BUCHINSKY was murdered in Williamsburg three men stood yesterday, one at a time, with one hand clasping a hand of the dead woman, and prayed that his innocence of the dreadful crime might be attested by Heaven. The act was a strange tribute to an old folk superstition. According to a weird belief, if the guilty man had been one of the three, blood should have flowed afresh from the wounds of his victim while he prayed. But the application of the rite of superstition was meant to be very practical. Keen eyes watched the men who took the oath, ready to note every suspicious indication, every sign of over-nervousness. In such evidences as these was the betrayal of the murderer looked for, and not by the flowing of fresh blood from the woman's wounds.

The test was not eminently satisfactory. Two of the men concerned were afterwards arrested, but on other grounds. Superstition did not do the work of the police. It won't do such work these days, even among ignorant men, as it once was capable of doing.

So hereafter we, the people, are not to be informed of the movements of the country's naval vessels. Perhaps the powers that be expect to get the whole navy down to South America and have it out with Chili before the people hear of it. But then the Administration calculating thus must have forgotten that we do not have to depend on Minister Loan for the Chilean news.

According to Private Nelson's counsel that soldier shot Private McLean through an act of "automatic volition," he being a victim of epileptic mania. It is not disputed that this particular form of "volition" is an awkward thing for the public. When the man possessed of it is at large and can get a gun.

Judge WILLIAM A. WOODS, of Indianapolis, dismissed the "blocks-of-five" bribery suit against Col. DUDLEY, in 1888. Yesterday the Judge appeared as one in the block of six new circuit justices appointed by President HARRISON. The virtue of extreme party fealty seems to have gotten its own reward.

Venezuela is up to date. It has matched the opportunity presented by a hull in the affairs of other South American republics to indulge a little revolutionary thrill of its own. It has already gone to the extreme of muttering that President PALACIO is a dictator.

Well, the railways had it again yesterday. On the Hudson River road signals mistaken, two dead; on the Port Wayne, a broken rail, three dead; on the Chesapeake and Ohio, "thought the road was clear," three dead.

Another of the late museum fasters is heard from. He has gone crazy and developed a disposition to throw people out of windows. Crankism should get no more opportunity to thrive on encouraged starvation.

Fifty-six years ago last night 648 buildings were burned on the lower point of Manhattan Island. Water froze in the lines of hose handled by the firemen. It was a slaving hot fire for a cold night.

Flushing and Whitestone are overrun with burglars. The citizens are forming a Vigilance Committee, and we may presently hear that the burglars are overdone with shotguns.

The Clan na Gael, it is reported, has declared itself ready to fight for Ireland. It sometimes requires the highest form of courage to keep the peace in a good cause.

Those Chicago mail-wagon robbers doubled escaped through the high prairie grass before the police in the outlying precincts could be notified.

There seems to be no reason why the gray-coated park policemen should not have a pension and as well as the blue-coats of the municipal force.

Quay is not again a candidate for a Senatorship. He simply wants to have it thrust upon him. See the distinction?

Green-goodies men again—South Carolina farmers—\$1,000—well, it's scarcely necessary to say anything.

A Christmas crispness to the air this morning, but where are the Christmas nowfakes?

CLARKSON has no choice. Then let the Republican Convention go on.

Only a week in which to load those Christmas Trees.

Take time by the forelock. Practice writing 1892.

GIVE WITH A WILL.

Only a Week Left to Help the Christmas-Tree Fund.

Thousands of Poor Children Looking to You for Happiness.

Nell Nelson Tells of an Encounter in a Horse Car.

Letters containing contributions of money should be addressed to Cashier S. Y. World, Pulitzer Building. All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing, books or other articles should be addressed to the Managers, "The Christmas-Tree Fund," Christmas Tree, 74 FIFTH AVENUE. The American, United States, National and Western Express Companies will convey all packages of 25 pounds weight and under addressed as above free of charge. The Fifth Avenue Storage Warehouse Co. will call for large packages in the city free of charge.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	\$100.00
Previously acknowledged	1,267.88
John W. Mackay	100.00
Miss Hayley	5.00
J. G. R.	1.00
P. W. Lockwood	10.00
Gertie and Arthur Wilson	1.00
Employees of the "Daily News"	1.00
M. A. Koff	5.00
The Express World Chapel	1.00
R. C. Fisher	1.00
M. E. L.	1.00
A family contribution	5.00
Em. pl. of James Conner's Sons	1.00
M. L. H.	2.00
Harry Gould H.	1.00
V. J.	1.00
Isabella Penbrook	2.00
G. H. Fish	2.00
Mortimer S. Pettit	1.00
J. C. R.	2.00
With sister, Edna, and "gussied it for some other good thing."	1.00
Mortimer Munday	1.00
Jim	1.00
Willie and Beattie	1.00
Employees of Martin & Lipson	1.00
M. O. D.	1.00
Beattie and Helen	2.00
Mrs. S.	1.00
King's Daughters	1.00
J. W. C.	1.00
Raymond, Marion and Esie Lemmer	1.00
R. C. Gould	1.00
Hayley, Julie, Mary and May Brown	1.00
Van B.	1.00
An Admirer	1.00
J. D.	2.00
King's Daughters	1.00
Emma Stuart	1.00
Mildred	1.00
Alice and Jessie	2.00
Beattie Drake	1.00
M. E. P.	2.00
Beattie	1.00
Harold Theobald	1.00
Edna, Willie and Grace	1.00
Edna Robinson	1.00
Charles Frommson	1.00
E. L. T.	1.00
Leah and Charlie R.	1.00
Winnie and Seymour	1.00
Frank and Herbert	1.00
Harry Kaufman	1.00
Gerrie and Robbie	1.00
A. R. C. D.	1.00
Willie H. White	1.00
Jim	1.00
A. W. W.	1.00
Hilda M. Fisher	1.00
Oscar Lentz	1.00
M. H. L.	1.00
Master Alan	1.00

LIFE CHILLED BY POVERTY.

The Story of a Poor Woman's Fight for Existence.

Here is the skeleton of a story from real life, and if it does not put a little Christmas kindness in your heart then either the spirit of scrupulousness or your soul or it has been blighted in the telling.

The Broadway cars were flying downtown nose to tail, yet every one was packed to its utmost capacity. Well-to-do and comfortable-looking men were reading the afternoon papers, and pretty women and prettier children were chatting and talking about the holiday shopping.

Stops at Twenty-third and Nineteenth streets lightened the travel, and at Fourteenth the last pretty girl had let go its hold on the car strap. The exodus still left enough people to fill the seats, the only occupant of standing room being a little of a girl, too poor in size and style to attract attention.

She leaned against a woman's knees for support and amused herself tying knots in the fringe of an old woollen shawl, which had been used as a sun umbrella, and which had been used for the triangles that were scorched on it.

Wearing of the pastime reminded her of her discomfort, and in a thin voice, shrill enough to attract the attention of every one in the car, she asked:

"What's that I'd like to know?" replied a good-looking man, who took her in his arms and placed her in his seat.

The text went on as she was on her bare little knees, looking out of the window at the preparations New York makes for the holidays.

Every now and then she would turn, caress the hard-featured woman with her baby fingers and tell her to "Look, look, mamma!" But there was no response to the child's delight. Without even turning turning her head she would answer:

"Yes, I see," with equivocal impatience. There was some excuse for her indifference. She had a sleeping child in her arms, that iron-scurched shawl partially covered. She wore a worthless alpaca dress, work to the top, and a coarse shawl worn by her mother and grandmother.

There seems to be no reason why the gray-coated park policemen should not have a pension and as well as the blue-coats of the municipal force.

GIVE WITH A WILL.

Only a Week Left to Help the Christmas-Tree Fund.

Thousands of Poor Children Looking to You for Happiness.

Nell Nelson Tells of an Encounter in a Horse Car.

Letters containing contributions of money should be addressed to Cashier S. Y. World, Pulitzer Building. All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing, books or other articles should be addressed to the Managers, "The Christmas-Tree Fund," Christmas Tree, 74 FIFTH AVENUE. The American, United States, National and Western Express Companies will convey all packages of 25 pounds weight and under addressed as above free of charge. The Fifth Avenue Storage Warehouse Co. will call for large packages in the city free of charge.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	\$100.00
Previously acknowledged	1,267.88
John W. Mackay	100.00
Miss Hayley	5.00
J. G. R.	1.00
P. W. Lockwood	10.00
Gertie and Arthur Wilson	1.00
Employees of the "Daily News"	1.00
M. A. Koff	5.00
The Express World Chapel	1.00
R. C. Fisher	1.00
M. E. L.	1.00
A family contribution	5.00
Em. pl. of James Conner's Sons	1.00
M. L. H.	2.00
Harry Gould H.	1.00
V. J.	1.00
Isabella Penbrook	2.00
G. H. Fish	2.00
Mortimer S. Pettit	1.00
J. C. R.	2.00
With sister, Edna, and "gussied it for some other good thing."	1.00
Mortimer Munday	1.00
Jim	1.00
Willie and Beattie	1.00
Employees of Martin & Lipson	1.00
M. O. D.	1.00
Beattie and Helen	2.00
Mrs. S.	1.00
King's Daughters	1.00
J. W. C.	1.00
Raymond, Marion and Esie Lemmer	1.00
R. C. Gould	1.00
Hayley, Julie, Mary and May Brown	1.00
Van B.	1.00
An Admirer	1.00
J. D.	2.00
King's Daughters	1.00
Emma Stuart	1.00
Mildred	1.00
Alice and Jessie	2.00
Beattie Drake	1.00
M. E. P.	2.00
Beattie	1.00
Harold Theobald	1.00
Edna, Willie and Grace	1.00
Edna Robinson	1.00
Charles Frommson	1.00
E. L. T.	1.00
Leah and Charlie R.	1.00
Winnie and Seymour	1.00
Frank and Herbert	1.00
Harry Kaufman	1.00
Gerrie and Robbie	1.00
A. R. C. D.	1.00
Willie H. White	1.00
Jim	1.00
A. W. W.	1.00
Hilda M. Fisher	1.00
Oscar Lentz	1.00
M. H. L.	1.00
Master Alan	1.00

LIFE CHILLED BY POVERTY.

The Story of a Poor Woman's Fight for Existence.

Here is the skeleton of a story from real life, and if it does not put a little Christmas kindness in your heart then either the spirit of scrupulousness or your soul or it has been blighted in the telling.

The Broadway cars were flying downtown nose to tail, yet every one was packed to its utmost capacity. Well-to-do and comfortable-looking men were reading the afternoon papers, and pretty women and prettier children were chatting and talking about the holiday shopping.

Stops at Twenty-third and Nineteenth streets lightened the travel, and at Fourteenth the last pretty girl had let go its hold on the car strap. The exodus still left enough people to fill the seats, the only occupant of standing room being a little of a girl, too poor in size and style to attract attention.

She leaned against a woman's knees for support and amused herself tying knots in the fringe of an old woollen shawl, which had been used as a sun umbrella, and which had been used for the triangles that were scorched on it.

Wearing of the pastime reminded her of her discomfort, and in a thin voice, shrill enough to attract the attention of every one in the car, she asked:

"What's that I'd like to know?" replied a good-looking man, who took her in his arms and placed her in his seat.

The text went on as she was on her bare little knees, looking out of the window at the preparations New York makes for the holidays.

Every now and then she would turn, caress the hard-featured woman with her baby fingers and tell her to "Look, look, mamma!" But there was no response to the child's delight. Without even turning turning her head she would answer:

"Yes, I see," with equivocal impatience. There was some excuse for her indifference. She had a sleeping child in her arms, that iron-scurched shawl partially covered. She wore a worthless alpaca dress, work to the top, and a coarse shawl worn by her mother and grandmother.

There seems to be no reason why the gray-coated park policemen should not have a pension and as well as the blue-coats of the municipal force.

GIVE WITH A WILL.

Only a Week Left to Help the Christmas-Tree Fund.

Thousands of Poor Children Looking to You for Happiness.

Nell Nelson Tells of an Encounter in a Horse Car.

Letters containing contributions of money should be addressed to Cashier S. Y. World, Pulitzer Building. All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing, books or other articles should be addressed to the Managers, "The Christmas-Tree Fund," Christmas Tree, 74 FIFTH AVENUE. The American, United States, National and Western Express Companies will convey all packages of 25 pounds weight and under addressed as above free of charge. The Fifth Avenue Storage Warehouse Co. will call for large packages in the city free of charge.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	\$100.00
Previously acknowledged	1,267.88
John W. Mackay	100.00
Miss Hayley	5.00
J. G. R.	1.00
P. W. Lockwood	10.00
Gertie and Arthur Wilson	1.00
Employees of the "Daily News"	1.00
M. A. Koff	5.00
The Express World Chapel	1.00
R. C. Fisher	1.00
M. E. L.	1.00
A family contribution	5.00
Em. pl. of James Conner's Sons	1.00
M. L. H.	2.00
Harry Gould H.	1.00
V. J.	1.00
Isabella Penbrook	2.00
G. H. Fish	2.00
Mortimer S. Pettit	1.00
J. C. R.	2.00
With sister, Edna, and "gussied it for some other good thing."	1.00
Mortimer Munday	1.00
Jim	1.00
Willie and Beattie	1.00
Employees of Martin & Lipson	1.00
M. O. D.	1.00
Beattie and Helen	2.00
Mrs. S.	1.00
King's Daughters	1.00
J. W. C.	1.00
Raymond, Marion and Esie Lemmer	1.00
R. C. Gould	1.00
Hayley, Julie, Mary and May Brown	1.00
Van B.	1.00
An Admirer	1.00
J. D.	2.00
King's Daughters	1.00
Emma Stuart	1.00
Mildred	1.00
Alice and Jessie	2.00
Beattie Drake	1.00
M. E. P.	2.00
Beattie	1.00
Harold Theobald	1.00
Edna, Willie and Grace	1.00
Edna Robinson	1.00
Charles Frommson	1.00
E. L. T.	1.00
Leah and Charlie R.	1.00
Winnie and Seymour	1.00
Frank and Herbert	1.00
Harry Kaufman	1.00
Gerrie and Robbie	1.00
A. R. C. D.	1.00
Willie H. White	1.00
Jim	1.00
A. W. W.	1.00
Hilda M. Fisher	1.00
Oscar Lentz	1.00
M. H. L.	1.00
Master Alan	1.00

LIFE CHILLED BY POVERTY.

The Story of a Poor Woman's Fight for Existence.

Here is the skeleton of a story from real life, and if it does not put a little Christmas kindness in your heart then either the spirit of scrupulousness or your soul or it has been blighted in the telling.

The Broadway cars were flying downtown nose to tail, yet every one was packed to its utmost capacity. Well-to-do and comfortable-looking men were reading the afternoon papers, and pretty women and prettier children were chatting and talking about the holiday shopping.

Stops at Twenty-third and Nineteenth streets lightened the travel, and at Fourteenth the last pretty girl had let go its hold on the car strap. The exodus still left enough people to fill the seats, the only occupant of standing room being a little of a girl, too poor in size and style to attract attention.

She leaned against a woman's knees for support and amused herself tying knots in the fringe of an old woollen shawl, which had been used as a sun umbrella, and which had been used for the triangles that were scorched on it.

Wearing of the pastime reminded her of her discomfort, and in a thin voice, shrill enough to attract the attention of every one in the car, she asked:

"What's that I'd like to know?" replied a good-looking man, who took her in his arms and placed her in his seat.

The text went on as she was on her bare little knees, looking out of the window at the preparations New York makes for the holidays.

Every now and then she would turn, caress the hard-featured woman with her baby fingers and tell her to "Look, look, mamma!" But there was no response to the child's delight. Without even turning turning her head she would answer:

"Yes, I see," with equivocal impatience. There was some excuse for her indifference. She had a sleeping child in her arms, that iron-scurched shawl partially covered. She wore a worthless alpaca dress, work to the top, and a coarse shawl worn by her mother and grandmother.

There seems to be no reason why the gray-coated park policemen should not have a pension and as well as the blue-coats of the municipal force.

GIVE WITH A WILL.

Only a Week Left to Help the Christmas-Tree Fund.

Thousands of Poor Children Looking to You for Happiness.

Nell Nelson Tells of an Encounter in a Horse Car.

Letters containing contributions of money should be addressed to Cashier S. Y. World, Pulitzer Building. All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing, books or other articles should be addressed to the Managers, "The Christmas-Tree Fund," Christmas Tree, 74 FIFTH AVENUE. The American, United States, National and Western Express Companies will convey all packages of 25 pounds weight and under addressed as above free of charge. The Fifth Avenue Storage Warehouse Co. will call for large packages in the city free of charge.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	\$100.00
Previously acknowledged	1,267.88
John W. Mackay	100.00
Miss Hayley	5.00
J. G. R.	1.00
P. W. Lockwood	10.00
Gertie and Arthur Wilson	1.00
Employees of the "Daily News"	1.00
M. A. Koff	5.00
The Express World Chapel	1.00
R. C. Fisher	1.00
M. E. L.	1.00
A family contribution	5.00
Em. pl. of James Conner's Sons	1.00
M. L. H.	2.00
Harry Gould H.	1.00
V. J.	1.00
Isabella Penbrook	2.00
G. H. Fish	2.00
Mortimer S. Pettit	1.00
J. C. R.	2.00
With sister, Edna, and "gussied it for some other good thing."	1.00
Mortimer Munday	1.00
Jim	1.00
Willie and Beattie	1.00
Employees of Martin & Lipson	1.00
M. O. D.	1.00
Beattie and Helen	2.00
Mrs. S.	1.00
King's Daughters	1.00
J. W. C.	1.00
Raymond, Marion and Esie Lemmer	1.00
R. C. Gould	1.00
Hayley, Julie, Mary and May Brown	1.00
Van B.	1.00
An Admirer	1.00
J. D.	2.00
King's Daughters	1.00
Emma Stuart	1.00
Mildred	1.00
Alice and Jessie	2.00
Beattie Drake	1.00
M. E. P.	2.00
Beattie	1.00
Harold Theobald	1.00
Edna, Willie and Grace	1.00
Edna Robinson	1.00
Charles Frommson	1.00
E. L. T.	1.00
Leah and Charlie R.	1.00
Winnie and Seymour	1.00
Frank and Herbert	1.00
Harry Kaufman	1.00
Gerrie and Robbie	1.00
A. R. C. D.	1.00
Willie H. White	1.00
Jim	1.00
A. W. W.	1.00
Hilda M. Fisher	1.00
Oscar Lentz	1.00
M. H. L.	1.00
Master Alan	1.00

LIFE CHILLED BY POVERTY.

The Story of a Poor Woman's Fight for Existence.

Here is the skeleton of a story from real life, and if it does not put a little Christmas kindness in your heart then either the spirit of scrupulousness or your soul or it has been blighted in the telling.

The Broadway cars were flying downtown nose to tail, yet every one was packed to its utmost capacity. Well-to-do and comfortable-looking men were reading the afternoon papers, and pretty women and prettier children were chatting and talking about the holiday shopping.

Stops at Twenty-third and Nineteenth streets lightened the travel, and at Fourteenth the last pretty girl had let go its hold on the car strap. The exodus still left enough people to fill the seats, the only occupant of standing room being a little of a girl, too poor in size and style to attract attention.

She leaned against a woman's knees for support and amused herself tying knots in the fringe of an old woollen shawl, which had been used as a sun umbrella, and which had been used for the triangles that were scorched on it.

Wearing of the pastime reminded her of her discomfort, and in a thin voice, shrill enough to attract the attention of every one in the car, she asked:

"What's that I'd like to know?" replied a good-looking man, who took her in his arms and placed her in his seat.

The text went on as she was on her bare little knees, looking out of the window at the preparations New York makes for the holidays.

Every now and then she would turn, caress the hard-featured woman with her baby fingers and tell her to "Look, look, mamma!" But there was no response to the child's delight. Without even turning turning her head she would answer: